HOUDON'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON

WASHINGTON'S WAY

CELEBRATED HIS BIRTHDAY BY THE DOING OF GOOD DEEDS

WASHINGTON AT VALLEY FORGE

ONE hundred and seventy-nine years ago on the 22d of February the "Father" of our country first saw the light of day, and 111 years ago on the 14th of last December he looked his last on the land which he had made a free and independent country.

Since then the nation each year has marked the date of his birth in various ways, first by holding religious ceremonies in the churches throughout the land at which the pastors, many of whom had fought under the great commander or had known him in private life, talked feelingly about the big heart and the broad soul of the departed hero; then as the years rolled along and those who knew Washington had joined him in the silence the day was marked by a fireat flying of bunting and waving of flags and playing of bands and parading of soldiers. Still later the day was held as a national holiday on which the banks were closed and the schools gave entertainments at which patriotic songs were sung, fiery speeches made, and the great deeds of our first president recounted in dramatic manner; now the day is still a national holiday, but the schools are closed and churches, charitable organizations, clubs and individuals make the occasion an excuse for giving colonial teas, Washington birthday parties, hatchet suppers or revolutionary plays. The shop windows are full of hatchets, miniature cherry trees, cocked hats, and cherries, real, candied and for decorative purposes.

All this display and fun and frolic makes the thinker wonder how George Washington kept the day, and the investigator who takes the pains to look into the matter will find that from 1745 to the date of his death, February 22, a day of importance not only to Washington but to his friends and all those who did him service.

When Washington was 13 years old he wrote for his own use 110 maxims of civility and good behavior and added one resolution which read: "Resolved, that on the 22nd day of February, the day on which I was given the gift of consciousness, I will each year, do some good deed or deeds, as many as come within my power, to show my gratitude for the life given me for a little space."

From 1745 until the date of his death Washington never broke the resolution made on his thirteenth birthday. On this first anniversary of which there is any record he tramped fourteen miles, seven there and seven home again, to the house of an aged woman who had been kind to his mother during an illness, carrying a large package of provisions and remaining for several hours to stack her woodpile and build her fire.

Later in the day he drove two cows nearly two miles to the farm from which they had escaped and, finding the farmer laid up with rheumatism, set to work to mend the pasture fence, and so keep the cows at home.

He returned at night to a good supper, and the evening was passed in merriment. No doubt young George slept the sleep of the righteous that night, for his resolution was working splendidly.

Several years later he wrote to a school chum early on the morning of the 22d of February: "This day I enter upon a new epoch—the year stretches before me—for what? Only he who benefits his fellow-man has the right to enjoy the glories of life. I shall endeavor to commence my new year clear from debt in this respect."

There is no record how the day was marked in 1848, but judging from the tone of the letter his life was fuller by several good deeds.

"Some Personal Remembrances of Washington," tells how, on February 22, 1751, he hired some half dozen sleighs, rented a hall, and gave all the young people of Mount Vernon, where he was then visiting his brother, Capt. Lawrence Washington, a fine afternoon and evening frolic, with a big "spread" to crown the event. To his "party" were invited not the young bloods of Washington's own class, but those less favored, and it is recorded that although they stood about in shyness at first, it did not take George many minutes to set the fun going.

It was on the following year that Washington made his only ocean voyage—to the Barbadoes—and that he enlisted in the Seven Years war.

He spent his twenty-second birthday amid warlike scenes at Fort Duquesne, now Pittsburg, where he commanded a regiment against the French. On the eve of that birthday Washington gave a bountiful supper to all the men of his regiment, and gave a good-sized sum of money to one of the men to be sent home to the wife and little ones whom the soldier had left in almost destitute circumstances.

There are many lapses of the records of Washington's birthdays and how he spent them, but in 1755 he writes to a friend: "I am growing old apace, Alfred (he was only 23 then) and today I turn another year. So far I have been true to my resolution, made when I was 13, and I want you to help me to keep it unbroken this year. Will you be so kind as to give the inclosure to Welmont Hardy of your village with my kindest remembrances?"

There is no record of what the "inclosure" was, but we are led to believe that it brought comfort to both the sender and recipient.

On January 6, 1759, at the age of 27, Washington married Martha Custis, and for the time being all the austerity of the young patriot was sunk in the tenderness of the lover. He marked his birthday that year by distributing gifts lavishly among his slaves and by ordering that a certain poor widow near the Washington estate should be served with two quarts of milk and three eggs daily, free of charge, as long as she lived, the bill, of course, to be met by Washington.

For a time after his marriage, Washington withdrew from public life and set about cultivating his acres. It was on the 22d of February, not many years after he had turned benedict, that he and Mrs. Washington were sleighing and making unusually merry in honor of the day. As the hour neared noon, both George and Martha discovered that they were "monstrous hungry," and that they were miles away from inn or tavern. Pulling up in front of a little cottage, George made bold to ask the little lady who appeared at the door in answer to his rapping, for a "bite and sup" to stay their pangs.

The stranger proved hospitable, and after showing them the way to a tiny barn, where there was feed for the horse, she spread the cloth in the kitchen and invited her guests to partake of her simple fare.

She had been cutting carpet rags when interrupted by her unexpected guests, and Washington had soon drawn from her the fact that she and her husband, who was then off in the village with the horse, delivering some strips of floor covering, kept the wolf from the door by sewing carpet rags and weaving.

The young aristocrat whispered a few words to his lady and she laughingly nodded consent. Washington then snatched a huge apron which he saw hanging on the door, and, tying it around the laughing Martha, handed her a pair of scissors and told her to commence. He begged the protesting dame, their little silver-haired hostess, to get him a pair of shears, and soon the three were cutting and sewing carpet rags right merrily. The pair remained at the cottage until dusk, leaving behind them a great basketful of gay carpet balls and a substantial evidence of well wishes. As the Washingtons drove away home, George expressed himself well pleased with the way in which he had spent his birthday.

Just one more record we have of how the general kept the resolution made on his thirteenth birthday. It was in the year 1778, while at Valley Forge, that Washington marked February 22 with a deed of kindness which indeed made one man grateful that the general had been given the "gift of life for a little space." A young sentry was sent to him under the charge of having been found asleep at his post. He was scarcely more than a boy, ill-clad and half-starved, and even though he was badly frightened his eyelids were heavy with sleep.

The great general questioned him kindly, found that he had given his last ration to a suffering comrade and relieved a sick man of sentry duty. Instead of reprimanding the boy, Washington spread a blanket, told him to lie down and get an hour's sleep. When he awoke it was past noon, and the general had laid the table. He was ordered to partake of the "birthday" feast of cheese, some stale bread and good hot coffee, or what passed for that beverage. The next day the boy was sent to the hospital with a fever, and he never saw battle after that.

Although this is the last record that can be found of how Washington kept his birthday, undoubtedly later anniversaries were marked by deeds of kindness equal to those of his early years.

New News of Yesterday

by E. J. Edwards

Beecher and the Phrenologist

How a Strolling Bump-Reader Examined the Great Pulpit Orator's Head and Told the Truth His Abilities.

While Henry Ward Beecher was all his life in most vigorous health, both mental and physical, never suffering serious illness until the mortal attack, he was nevertheless a yearly victim of hay fever. He found his only relief from hay fever in a sojourn in the White Mountains, and he was accustomed to leave his farm, near Peekskill, N. Y., in mid-July and to remain in New Hampshire until the frost. He was utterly democratic in his manner and unconventional in his dress, so that anyone who did not know him would be likely to judge that he was a farmer who had saved a little money and was spending a portion of it in a summer vacation at a White mountain hotel. Many farmers at that time were accustomed to do this.

One summer morning in the late seventies Beecher sat upon the piazza of his hotel, reading a newspaper. Upon his head was his black felt hat, the brim of which was so broad that it flapped in the breeze. He wore an old-fashioned turn-down collar, with a sort of black string for a necktie. His trousers were baggy, as usual. A few of his friends sat near him, chatting, when suddenly there appeared around the corner of the piazza a quaint and curious specimen of humanity. He was a large-eyed, long-haired man, with the beard of a prophet. In one hand he carried a satchel and in the other what appeared to be a chart or a map rolled up.

"I'm a phrenologist," he said by way of introduction to the little group that sat opposite Beecher. "I can tell by feeling what kind of brain a man has."

"You feel the bumps?" interrogated one of the party.

"People who don't know call them bumps, yet they are no bumps, but, in fact, projections of the skull caused by the development of the brain," retorted the phrenologist. "I never make any mistakes," he added. "I should be pleased to examine your head, and I charge only a dollar."

"Well," spoke up one of the party, assuming a cautious manner and almost whispering, "I'll give you a dollar if you'll examine the bumps on that old farmer's head"—motioning toward Beecher—"and if we find that you hit it pretty nearly straight, why, then, some of us may have our heads examined."

The phrenologist approached Mr. Beecher. "The gentlemen want me to examine your head," he explained. "I am a phrenologist. I can tell you more than you know about yourself."

Beecher at once suspecting that his friends were intent upon playing a joke, solemnly took off his hat. The phrenologist began to fumble through the masses of silver-gray hair. Suddenly he stopped and stepped back in astonishment.

"You shouldn't be a farmer," he exclaimed, excitedly. "Why, you can talk like a steam engine. You've got the biggest development of language that I have ever met with. And you're full of wit and humor. You can talk so as to make people cry, or to make them laugh. Where's your farm?"

"My farm is at Peekskill, N. Y., said Mr. Beecher.

"I thought it wasn't around here; your head is not like a New Hampshire farmer's. Do you make your farm pay?"

"I have never been able to make it pay. It costs me every year more than I get out of it," Beecher replied, truthfully.

"Of course! Why, if you'd taken to talking—public speaking—you could have earned money enough to run a farm, and get plenty of money out of it besides, no matter what it cost. You've made a mistake. Your teachers ought to have told you that you would make a public speaker."

Beecher did not wince. He asked the phrenologist if it was too late to begin speaking, and for reply was told: "It's never too late to begin." Then the phrenologist walked over to the little group. "That's the first farmer whose head I ever examined who could have been a speaker," he said. "That man could talk like a steam engine.'

"Do you know who that farmer is?" asked one of the party. "That is Henry Ward Beecher."

For a moment the phrenologist stood looking in dumb amazement at the speaker. Then he dropped his satchel and chart on the porch and fairly leaped in front of Mr. Beecher.

"So you're Henry Ward Beecher," he shrilled. "To think I've examined your head and told the truth about you! Well, now, you'll believe there's something in phrenology." And looking long and wonderingly at the great pulpit orator, the itinerant phrenologist at last gathered up his satchel and chart and disappeared as quietly and mysteriously as he had come.

They Escape a Lot.

Querieus—Let's see; the married men all have better halves, don't they?

Cynicus—Yes.

Querieus—Then what do the bachelors have?

Cynicus—Better quarters.—Short Stories.

A Public Character.

"Tibbs can't decide whether to go on the stage or the lecture platform."

"What put that notion into his head?"

"He lighted a cigar with a ten-dollar bill last night before a large crowd of spectators."

Saw Treatment in a Dream

Dr. M. O. Terry While Asleep Received Instructions That Developed Into His Oil Cure of Many Kinds of Enteric Diseases.

A well-known encyclopedic authority states that the name of James Marion Sims "deserves a place as an inventive genius among the great surgeons of the world." It was Sims who, about the middle of the last century, substituted silver wire for silk and other sutures, first making this daring experiment in a peculiar and hitherto incurable disease, and then extending the use of metallic sutures to general surgery.

For some time he had been making a study of the hitherto incurable malady. He knew that the common silk suture would be eaten away by acids before the wound made by an operation could heal; it was this fact that made the disease incurable. He was puzzling over this apparently insurmountable obstacle one day when he walking about the streets of Montgomery, Ala., where he made his great experiment, when he saw a hairpan of the common black wire variety lying upon the sidewalk. Instantly, an idea flashed into his mind. He picked up the hairpin, took it to a silversmith, and asked the latter if he could draw a silver dollar into a wire much finer than the hairpin. When informed that this could be done, Sims gave instructions for a dollar to be drawn into a wire that had the thinness of a coarse thread; and with this thread of silver he was able to complete successfully his difficult operation, thereby banishing a hitherto incurable disease, and establishing a new era in American surgery.

In an equally extraordinary manner came the first hint to its originator of what has come to be known in the medical world as the oil treatment in enteric cases, which include appendicitis and typhoid. By originating this treatment Dr. M. O. Terry gained world-wide notoriety. Yet until now it has never been published how he got the germ of the idea that caused him to promulgate his famous treatment.

"It was a curious experience, verging on the weird, almost, that first led me to the study of medical sufficiency of oil in the treatment of many kinds of enteric diseases, especially appendicitis," said Dr. Terry.

"I was very fond of olives—and am yet—and it was my custom after a day spent in the hospitals and in following my private practise, to eat a handful of olives, with a few crackers on the side, before going to bed. Frequently, I was careless and left the bottle of olives uncorked, so that when I went again to it I usually found the contents incrusted with a sort of scum, and the olives themselves turned sour.

"Well, one night, after a hard day's work, including two very difficult operations, I fell into a sound sleep. And a dream came to me. It was as vivid as though I were awake. And in it I was told that if, after opening a bottle of olives, I would pour upon the water in which the olives were packed in the bottle enough oil completely to cover the water, I would have no further difficulty about my olives souring.

"Furthermore, I was told the philosophy of this. 'If you pour oil into the bottle,' it was said to me in the dream, 'it will float upon the top of the water, it will make an absolutely impervious coating. No germs from the air can penetrate it. It will smother all germs, for that is the quality of oil. Therefore, your olives will be protected.'

"I awoke, and reached out to my night table, which always stood by my bed, and made a brief note in my note book. Then I went to sleep again.

"In the morning I discovered the note upon my table, and I said: 'Tonight I will make the experiment.' I did so, and found that what had been said to me in the dream was true. The olives were perfectly protected from all germs.

"Now, that set me thinking. I reasoned that if oil were taken into digestive organs, it would thoroughly insulate them—prevent attacks upon them by bacteria; or, if attack had been made, it would smother the forces of illness. I soon had an opportunity to make a test of my newly formed theory, in the case of a child who was dangerously ill, and, to my gratification, I found it worked perfectly. Then I developed the theory to extend it to typhoid fever, and especially to appendicitis; and it is through my advocacy of the oil treatment in the cases of appendicitis that have not yet reached the acute stage, with pus formed—when the knife is the only remedy—that I have gained professional advocates and opponents pretty much over the civilized world."

Aristocrat and the Ex-Slave

Peculiar Intimacy That Existed Between Blanche K. Bruce and L. Q. C. Lamar From the Time That Both Were Elected Senators.

In 1875 Blanche K. Bruce, born in slavery, and the first negro to sit in the United States senate, was made a member of that body by the Mississippi legislature. Two years later that state named as its other senatorial representative L. Q. C. Lamar, who had drafted the ordinance of secession adopted by Mississippi, led his regiment at Yorktown and Williamsburg, and otherwise labored assiduously in behalf of the Confederacy. In color, in antecedents, in training, in politics, the ex-slave and the man who was destined to win a seat on the United States Supreme court, were as far apart as the poles; yet shortly after Mr. Lamar had become senator it was noticed with more or less astonishment in various quarters that he and the senior senator from Mississippi were on the most friendly terms.

There are old residents in Washington who doubtless can easily recall how Senator Lamar and Senator Bruce used to walk arm in arm about the residential streets of the capital city and through its parks and squares. Seemingly, it never occurred to the white man that the companion of his outings was of another race, that his early life had been spent in bondage. And when Senator Bruce retired from the senate and became registrar of the treasury in 1881, the intimacy between him and Senator Lamar continued, their walks about Washington being ample outward evidence of their friendship.

Together, during all the period that both men were in the senate, they would visit the postoffice department relative to appointments. Whenever it became necessary for him to go to the department, Senator Lamar would courteously ask his negro colleague to accompany him, and more than once they were seen making their way there arm in arm, as though they were old cronies. And it was noticed that the advances invariably came from Senator Lamar; that Senator Bruce did not presume upon the official relations that existed between him and Senator Lamar to force his personal attentions upon the latter.

At the beginning of Grover Cleveland's first term as president Senator Lamar became secretary of the interior. Not long thereafter he sent word to Senator Bruce, then getting ready to retire as registrar of the treasury, that he would like to see him. A little later the secretary was receiving the registrar as he would an old friend, and confessing to him that he doubted whether he was as well equipped for an executive office as he was for a judicial or legislative post. "But," he said, "I am going to make as good a secretary of the interior as I am able." Then he brought up a personal matter.

"Senator," he asked, "how many appointees of yours are there in this department?"

"Well," replied Bruce, "I can't tell off-hand, but possibly there is a larger number here than I should have asked for."

"Do you think so, Senator?" queried Secretary Lamar. "Well, I have sent for you simply to say this: Not one of your appointees in this department shall be touched. You can tell them all that they need feel no anxiety; they shall stay here as long as I am secretary of the interior."

Shortly after Justice Lamar's death, in 1893, Senator Bruce was reminded of this incident.

"Judge Lamar was faithful to that self-imposed and unsought for promise," said Bruce. "Not an appointee of the interior department named on my recommendation was removed by him. And when I recall this and all the other great kindnesses and the solicitude he showed for me at all times, do you wonder that I shall speak of him as one of the noblest characters and truest gentlemen I have ever heard of or known?"

May Dare to Be Shabby

Carelessness in Clothes Gives Impression That Wearer Is Wealthy, Says Woman Who Knows.

"There are two ways of impressing people," said a woman who had knocked about the world a good deal. "You can be very smart or you can be directly shabby. For a woman of small means I recommend the second way, and I can speak with some authority, since I have followed my theory for a long time.

"Before I adopted it myself I watched it in operation. I know an old lady of some means, but not rich, who lived in a good hotel. Everybody received more or less consideration from the management, but this old lady was the mogul of the place.

"She paid no more for her rooms than the others, and she spent less in the dining room, and I was at a loss to account for the fact that she commanded instant and implicit obedience, even in the most exacting requests, until one day, when the hotel clerk, having seen me in conversation with her, said casually:

"'You know she's awfully rich.'

"So one day I told her of this, and asked how the rumor of her great wealth ever started. She laughed.

"'It's my clothes, my dear,' she said.

"'As you know I am interested in so many things that I have not much money left over for clothes. Two gowns at a time are all I can afford, and going out so little I wear them for at least a year or two.

"'They cannot imagine a woman economizing in clothes, and they interpret my lack of vanity as to the carelessness a woman known to be rich has for details. I'd love to have clothes if I felt I could afford them, at least I would have liked them once, but now that I find the consideration bestowed on my eccentric shabbiness I am not sure that the change would not be for the worse.

"'I have the best table in the dining room. The other day some people who must spend twice as much as I do had a table near me, and annoyed me by their talking and laughing. I complained, and their table was changed.

"'If they should object they would have to leave, for the management is not going to offend a woman of millions like myself. I was thinking of getting a new bonnet this year, but as it might lower my social position I shall probably continue to wear the one I bought eight years ago.'

"This is a scheme that works in any number of directions. I personally cannot afford to dress as well as most of the women I know, so I make a point of dressing less well even than I can afford. They all know I could do a bit better than I do."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Unappreciated.

"Are you going to compose any valentine poetry this year?"

"No," replied the sentimental youth. "I put in two weeks writing original poetry last year, and the girl merely said it was economical homemade stuff."

Hard Task at That.

Sunday School Teacher—How many wives had Adam?

Little Girl—One; and he couldn't clothe that one.—Brooklyn Life.